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LIFE, DEATH,
AND
WONDERFUL ATCHIEVEMENTS

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EDMUND BURKE.

A NEW BALLAD.

By the Author of the Wrongs of Africa.

Inur'd was Edmund, from his youth,
To squabbles and to fighting,
And scenes of war, and desp'rate deeds,
He always took delight in.



THE LIFE

OF

EDMUND BURKE.

Of all the deeds of high renown
Antiquity can brag on,
From Homer's time to More that kill'd
Old Wantley's famous dragon.

By heroes sacred, or profane,
By Pagan, Jew, or Turk,
There's none this day can be compar'd
With the feats of Edmund Burke.

Inur'd was Edmund, from his youth,
To squabbles and to fighting,
And scenes of war, and desp'rare deeds,
He always took delight in.

But not that savage kind of war
My hearers may suppose,
For Edmund never got a scar,
Nor risqu'd a bloo'ty nose.

Far different arms he did employ
Than those our soldiers wield,
His dagger was an argument,
And sophistry his shield.

Reasons like-red hot balls he threw,
With Edmund none could cope ;
But in a metaphor was slain,
Or perish'd by a trope.

Thus many a year this hero fought,
His fame still rising higher,
'Till age at length crept slowly on,
And damp'd his martial fire.

As candles give a brighter blaze,
Just ere their wick be done,
So Edmund plann'd some mighty deed
Before his course was run.

As on his bed one morn he lay
On future glory musing,
An angel-form before him glanc'd,
Rich odours round diffusing.

Enthron'd between two diamond eyes
Sat love, and joy, and mirth,
And glitt'ring like the morning star,
She scarcely touch'd the earth.

Tumultous passions thro' his frame
In wild disorder ran ;
For who unmov'd such charms can see,
Is more—or less—than man.

And thus she rais'd her gentle voice,
And wav'd her lily hand,
Ah, wretch forlorn ! O Edmund, hear
From Gallia's neighbour land.

From Gallia's land to thee I fly,
O vindicate my cause,
O free me from the hated bonds
Of barb'rous modern laws.

So shalt thou, Edmund, with me share
The plenitude of bliss,
And, as an earnest, I bestow
This soft and melting kiss.

Prick'd by the heav'nly temper'd steel,
As once, old Satan rose,
So Edmund started from his bed,
And threw off all the clothes.

Scar'd at the view the vision fled,
For much unus'd was she,
Such fights as Edmund's shrivell'd skin,
And spindle limbs to see.

And now the knight his armour took,
And seiz'd his pond'rous spear,
And oft by way of exercise,
Made pushes at the air.

His corslet next he buckled on,
His helm so bright to see,
And thus accotred, out he rush'd
Full arm'd in cap-a-pee.

Oh, had you seen the strange surprise,
Oh, had you heard the rout ;
When first in this most fierce disguise,
The hero ventur'd out.

Some thought old Hamlet's buckram ghost
Had rose in evil hour ;
Whilst others judg'd the jointed mail,
Had walk'd from out the tower.

But Edmund soon convinc'd them all
That on his legs he stood,
And that his arm, tho' chill'd with age,
Was yet of flesh and blood.

Full tilt he ran at all he met,
And round he dealt his knocks,
Till with a backward stroke at last,
He hit poor Charley Fox.

Now Charley was, of all his friends,
The warmest friend he had ;
So when he felt the graceless blow,
He deemed the man was mad.

With grief his generous bosom rose,
A grief too great to hide ;
And as the stroke was somewhat hard,
He sat him down and cry'd.

But not a whit did Edmund feel,
For at his friend he flew,
Resolv'd before his neighbours round
To beat him black and blue.

Then Charles indignant started up,
The meagre form he took,
And with a giant's awful grasp
His rusty armour shook.

O have ye seen a mastiff strong
A shiv'ring lap dog tear,
Then may ye judge how Edmund did,
When claw'd by Charles appear.

But yet his gauntlet down he threw,
In Beauty's cause to fight,
And dar'd all Christendom to prove
His courage and his might.

And wild he roam'd the country round,
And angry scours the streets,
And tweaks the nose, or kicks the breech
Of every whig he meets.

The neighbours first were all surpris'd,
Then sorry as he past,
Then laugh'd his antic freaks to see,
But angry grew at last.

And lo ! an Amazon stopt out,
One Wolstoncraft her name,
Resolv'd to stop his mad career,
Whatever chance became.

An oaken sapling in her hand,
Full on the foe she fell,
Nor could his coat of rusty steel
Her vig'rous strokes repel.

When ! strange to see, her conqu'ring staff
Returning leaves o'erspread,
Of which a verdant wreath was wove,
And bound around her head.

8. THE LIFE, &c. OF EDMUND BURKE.

But heavier ills on Edmund wait,
He seeks to 'scape in vain,
For out there rush'd a fiercer foe,
Whose dreaded name was Paine.

A club he bore, whose parent tree
In western climates grows,
And woe to him whose hapless head
Its strokes in anger knows.

As he who once, with strength divine,
Earth's monsters could appall,
Who gagg'd old triple Cerberus,
And cleans'd the Augean stall.

Like him this Paine the world did range
Its monsters to subdue,
And more than Hercules he fought,
And more than him he slew.

This dreadful foe, when Edmund saw,
He felt his fate and sigh'd,
His head receiv'd the thund'ring blow,
He fainted, gasp'd, and died.

And now his wandering spectre walks
By night, and eke by day,
A warning to the thoughtless crew
That beauty leads astray.

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FINIS.